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THE OBSERVATOR.

Remarks on the Triumph of the Third of January, *in carrying the Standards and Colours, Taken at* Blenheim, *from the Tower of* London, *to be put up in* Westminster-Hall.

From Saturday January the 6th, to Wednesday January the 10th, 1705.

Obs. WHAT News from *London?* Prithee did'st see the Triumph of the Colours and Standards taken by the *English* from the *French* and *Bavarians.*

Country-m. See 'em Quotha, yes I did; and I'll make your Heart Ake that you did not see 'em too, when I have told you the Story.

Obs. Prithee Man I have seen enough of those Colours in the Field, I have been at the Taking of 'em; I am glad thou saw'st 'em, but I preserve my Holyday to see the Flags, Pendants and Streamers, of the *French* Men of War we took in the Sharpest Engagement that ever was seen, in the *Mediterranean.* Come, let us know a little of the Show, I am sure there was never such a Sight before in *England*, nor elsewhere, in this last Century.

Country-m. But I am very well satisfy'd that we shall have such another Show about this time Twelve-Month, for the Fellows that carried the Standards and Colours look'd as if they meant to have more of 'em.

Obs. Thou art never satisfy'd with Fighting Stories; such a Battel as this is enough for an Age, and will be the wonder of many Ages to come; the *French* are now more difficult to be Beaten than ever; the Burnt Child dreads the Fire; they'll never Fight more but up to the Ears in Trenches.

Country-m. You talk you don't know what your self. We'll take away all their Pick-Axes, Shovels and Wheel-Barrows; and how then will they Dig Trenches? I say, we will have another Fight; I love to see Colours carried in Triumph; and don't you laugh at the Sayings of poor Country Fellows, we oftentimes prove as true Prophets as the Parish Priests. When Count *Tallard* was carrying to *Nottingham*, a Country Fellow press'd upon the Guards: He wou'd see *Tallard*, Yes that he wou'd, he Paid for the Taking of him, and he wou'd see what Return he had for his Money. Monsieur *Tallard* suffer'd the Man to have a Sight of him; and after the Man had Star'd upon him some time, *Tallard* ask'd the Man *How he lik'd him? I like thee well enough*, quoth the Man, *and am glad to see thee here, and I hope next Year I shall see thy Master here also, in the same Conditition thou art now in.* And, I hope, what he said will prove true.

Obs. Let it be so then: I can Wish with any Body for the Ruin of *France.* But let's hear the Procession: How was it?

Country-m. How was it; I have a good mind not to tell you, you might have seen it your self if you wou'd: However, for the sake of *Joan* and her Children, I'll tell you.

When I came to Town, the People told me that the Colours were gone for to the Tower, and that the Procession would begin in a little time. Now, thinks I, there will be a great Crowd upon this extraordinary occasion. I have no Interest to get into a Balcony; I shan't see half the Sight, so I concluded to go on Horse-Back. So Mounting on the outside of *Dobbin*, I Trotted the Back way to *Cheapside*, where I sat as well on my Saddle, as if I had been in a Balcony, and presently the Colours were in Sight.

But I can't omit telling you a Story by way of Parenthesis; when the People cry'd out the Colours were just at Hand, a sort of a Gentleman he was, but somewhat Short, said unto me, *Country-man, Prithee let me get up behind thee, otherwise I shan't see the Show:* So I let him get up. No sooner had he laid his Leg over, but my Horse began to Kick and Caper, and Fret and Snort, that I thought the Devil was in the Beast: Sometimes I thought my Horse Learn'd to Caper of the Horses that carried the Standards, and was minded to go to the Wars without his Master: Then I thought my Horse was in the same condition with *Balaam's* Ass, and that the Fellow I had taken up behind me was a *Popish* Priest in Disguise, and so I expected presently to hear my Horse speak; but finding the Beast still unruly, and that I was like to lose the Sight of the Colours, I ask'd the Fellow behind, whether he was a *Williamite* or a *Perkinite*, he told me, *Truly he was for the Family of St.* Germains? *No wonder*, said I, *my Horse is so Troublesome, get down thou Rascal, one Horse to carry a* Williamite *and a* Jacobite *too, that's the Devil.* When the Fellow was dismounted my Horse stood as Peaceably as could be.

But, Master, certainly there was never such a Sight; 34 Horse Colours or Standards, I don't know what you call 'em, 128 Foot Colours carried by Pikemen, some of the Colours were Bloody, some of 'em were torn, and some Poles that had the Colours shot off from 'em. There was one hugy big thing with great Tossels hanging on it, abundantly bigger than the Tossels that hang to our Parsons Cirsingle; and there were some Leathern things carried upon Poles, I fancy'd them the Satchels the *French* Generals us'd to carry their Bread and Cheese in.

Obs. The Snap-Sacks you mean.

Country-m. You Snap me up before I am down; why had not you been there to have told me what the things were?

Obs. Prithee, Man, I dare not be any where; if I had been there some *Perkinite* or *Papist* would have sworn that I come to *look* against the Government.

Country-m. They may swear so against me if they please, I don't value 'em a Farthing; a few more Colours, Master, will spoil their Kettle of Fish.

Obs.

Obſ. This indeed was a great Show of Trophies of Honour; but you muſt conſider, That theſe were only thoſe that were taken by the *Engliſh* Troops, the others taken by the *Dutch*, the *Germans*, the *Pruſſians*, &c. are carried as Trophies to their Reſpective Countries. Now what a Show would there have been, if the Colours taken by theſe had been preſented to view at the ſame Time?

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, that would have broke the Hearts of the *Tories* to Rights: With this Sight they go ſtooping like Old Men, by a conſtant hanging down of their Heads.

Obſ. Upon the whole 'twas a Glorious Triumph, not known before in *England*, and I don't care how ſoon Paralel'd; this gave us a viſible Evidence of a Conſiderable Victory. The Duke of *Marlborough* did not tell us of a Sharp Engagement and bring us no Proofs: Here are the Trophies of the Field, and by the very Colours and Standards, we may conclude 11 full Regiments of Foot were cut off, and at leaſt ſix Regiments of Horſe, what more the *Dutch*, *Germans* and others, what Drowned in the *Danube* is uncertain, beſides an Army taken Priſoners, and Generals enough to Command a large Army, without the Loſs of one Conſiderable Officer taken Priſoner from the *Engliſh* Army. I ſay if this be not ſure Teſtimonies of a Victory, we muſt Cenſure contrary to viſible Evidence. I pray God give more occaſion of ſuch Rejoycings.

Country-m. Amen. But, Maſter, the Duke of *Marlborough* has ſome Colour to make us believe his to be a Sharp Engagement: He has brought us Home ſome Proofs of his Victory. But

Obſ. Pray, Mr. *Country-man*, will you be pleaſed to ſtop.——Your Sauce-Pan is juſt running over, and I ſhall be Proſecuted again for what you ſay.

Country-m. Good lack-a-day! Ever ſince you have kept your Terms at *Weſtminſter*, you are grown ſo mighty Cautious, one can't ſpeak for you. If I talk ill, 'tis you have taught me; but how did you know what I was going to ſay?

Obſ. You were going to ſtep Aboard of Ship with your Boots on, and 'tis not for you, who are a Knight of the Flayl, and a Squire of the Pitch-Fork, to talk of Sea Affairs.

Country-m. Nor for you neither, tho' you have Studied the Point; but they tell me that ſort of Knowledge does not come by Study or Experience but by Inſpiration; for

Obſ. Look ye, de'e ſee now, thou art running on a Head again without Fear or Wit.

Country-m. Than I run like you. What would you have me ſay?

Obſ. Talk of the Colours.

Country-m. What more would you have of the Colours? I have ſaid enough already I think.

Obſ. You ſee what an Honourable thing it is to go to the Wars, what a welcome thoſe have that bring Home Trophies, both the Generals and Soldiers are Applauded by the People: Methinks this ſhould Animate thee to go and get a Trophy for thy ſelf.

Country-m. Hark'ye, Maſter, at every turn you are Encouraging me to go to the Wars, I proteſt, if my *Joan* were a Young Woman, I ſhould fancy you had a Deſign of Cuckoldom in your Head, and for that End were willing to have me out of the way. But, Maſter, tho' I love Colours and Fighting Stories, I love 'em at Second hand, I would have 'em us'd and blunted before I touch 'em; ſuppoſe I, laying aſide my Reaſon, ſhould go next Summer to *Germany*, and in the *Engagement* ſhould go to take a Colour, and the Fellow that held it ſhould give me a knock o'th' Pate, and beat out the few Brains I have, how like a Fool I ſhould look? Or, ſuppoſe I ſhould become a mighty Warriour, ſhould I ſtradle over the *Danube*, catch a *French* Fellow by the Back, cut his Head off and take his Colours from him, why then I muſt deliver 'em up to the General, he'll bring 'em to the *Tower*, and from thence they'll be carried and hung up in the great Hall at *Weſtminſter* as Trophies.

Obſ. Very well, and what wouldſt thou have more? 'Tis for the Honour of the Nation.

Country-m. Aye, aye, but if I Fight it ſhall be for the Honour of my ſelf to; if I take a Colours I would carry it Home and hang it up in my Hall for the Honour of my Family. My great great Grand Children, when I am Dead and gone, will ſit and drink *October* under my Colours, my Trophies of Honour; they'll ſet their Arms Akembow, and ſtrut like ſo many Crows in a Gutter, Bounce and talk big of the Actions of their Anceſtor, and who knows but it may bring 'em to Varment, being deſcended from the Loins of ſo worthy a Progenitor, as *Roger* the Standard-Taker.

Obſ. 'Tis not impoſſible but you may have the Colours given you.

Country-m. Look ye, Maſter, I love ſeeing of the Enemies Colours, and not Taking of 'em: Now, if I have a mind to Divert my ſelf with ſeeing of Colours, I can take my *Joan*'s Red-Petticoat, and tye it to a Hop-Pole, and that will ſerve me to Strut with, and I'm ſure, 'tis much Safer for me to do ſo, than to go to *Hockſtedt*, where the Ground ſtinks of Blood and Gun-Powder, and is Sown with Bullets inſtead of Beans.

Obſ. What Books haſt got there?

Country-m. Some Poems upon the Victory that your Bookſeller ſent you.

Obſ. I can talk neither Proſe or Poetry any more this Night. Let us Drink a Cup of *October* to the Duke of *Marlborough*, and our Gallant Army, who, under God, have got us theſe Trophies of Honour, and ſo to Bed.

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